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1-30-2010

## Alise Merrin, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Alise Merrin  
*Cedarville University*

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC, ART, & WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL  
OF

ALISE MERRIN  
MEZZO-SOPRANO

STEPHEN ESTEP  
PIANO

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 2010  
3:00 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

# Program

## I

- Il mio bel foco* ..... Benedetto Marcello  
(1686-1739)  
*Vittoria, mio core!* ..... Giacomo Carissimi  
(1604-1674)

## II

- Der Musensohn* ..... Franz Schubert  
*Du liebst mich nicht* ..... (1797-1828)  
*Die junge Nonne*

## III

- Rêve d'amour* ..... Gabriel Fauré  
*Après un rêve* ..... (1845-1924)  
*Les roses d'Ispahan*

## Brief Intermission

## IV

- Lullaby, from THE CONSUL* ..... Gian Carlo Menotti  
(1911-2007)  
*Why So Pale and Wan, Fond Lover?* ..... Norman Dello Joio  
*How Do I Love Thee?* ..... (1913-2008)

## V

- La maja dolorosa, número 2* ..... Enrique Granados  
*El majo tímido* ..... (1867-1916)  
*El tra la la y el punteado*

## VI

- Come Home, from ALLEGRO* ..... Richard Rodgers  
(1908-1979)  
*Home, from BEAUTY AND THE BEAST* ..... arr. Stephen Estep  
(b. 1975)

Assisted by Cristina Hatch, violin

- The World Above, from THE LITTLE MERMAID* ..... arr. Stephen Estep  
Assisted by Cristina Hatch, violin

Alise is a student of Beth Cram Porter.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the  
Bachelor of Arts degree in music.

*No flash photography, please.  
Please turn off all cell phones.*

## Translations

### *Il mio bel foco*

My beautiful fire, however far or near  
I may be never changing temper  
for you, dear eyes, it will burn forever.

That flame which kindled me is so pleased  
with my soul that it never is extinguished.  
And if the fates make you mine lovely rays  
of my beloved sun, other light my soul does  
not want nor will ever want.

### *Vittoria, mio core!*

Victory, my heart! No longer weep,  
love is dissolved the vile servitude.

The ungodly woman deceived you  
with charms, lies, and deceptive caresses.

Fraud and sorrow have no more place;  
the embers of her cruelty have gone out!

From laughing eyes no arrows shoot  
which struck a deadly wound in my breast.

Neither grief nor torment I worry no longer.  
I broke every string, fear has disappeared!

### *Der Musensohn*

Through fields and woods I wander, piping  
my song I go from place to place! And  
moving to the rhythm and moving with the  
measure, everything moves with me.

I can hardly wait for the first bloom in the  
garden, the first blossom on the tree. They  
greet my songs, and when winter comes  
again I still sing that dream.

I sing them far and wide through the ice's  
realm as the winter blooms beautiful!  
These flowers fade, and I find new joy  
in the hilltowns.

For, as I beside the linden encounter young  
little people, I immediately excite them. The  
blunt fellow swells, the stiff girl twirls to my  
melody.

You give my feet wings and drive through  
valley and hills, your favorite, far from  
home. My dear, sweet muse, when on her  
bosom will I finally again find rest?

### *Du liebst mich nicht*

My heart is broken, you do not love me!  
You have let me know, you do not love  
me! Although I came to you pleading and  
wooing, and overflowing with love, you  
do not love me! You have said, with  
spoken words, with too much certainty:  
you do not love me!

I will miss the stars, I will miss the moon,  
And the sun, you do not love me! Why  
does the rose bloom? Why does the  
jasmine bloom? Why does the narcissus  
bloom? You do not love me!

### *Die junge Nonne*

How roars through the treetops the  
howling storm; it rattles the rafters, it  
shakes the house. It rolls the thunder, it  
flashes the lightning, and the night is  
dark, as the grave. So be it, so be it.

So it raged recently in me; it roared to  
life, as the storm does now my limbs  
trembled, as the house does now. It flared  
love, as the lightning does now, and my  
heart was dark, as the grave.

Now rage, you wild, powerful storm;  
in my heart is peace, in my heart is calm.  
The bridegroom awaits the loving bride,  
cleansed by purifying flames, to eternal  
love betrothed.

I await, my Savior, with longing eyes;  
come, heavenly bridegroom, take your  
bride, release her soul from earthly  
imprisonment. Hark! The bell peacefully  
rings from the tower! The sweet sound  
invites me overpoweringly to eternal  
heights. Hallelujah!

### *Rêve d'amour*

If there is a charming lawn watered by the  
sky, where in every season some flowers  
bloom, where we can gather by the  
handful lilies, honeysuckle, and jasmine,  
I want to make it the path where your foot  
will step!

If there is a loving breast where honor  
rules, where tender devotion has nothing

morose. If that noble breast always beats  
for a worthy purpose, I want to make it  
the cushion where your head will rest!

If there is a dream of love scented with  
roses., where every day is found  
something sweet, a dream that God  
blesses, where one soul unites with  
another. Oh! I want to make it the nest  
where your heart will rest!

*Après un rêve*

In a slumber, charmed by your image,  
I dreamed of happiness, ardent mirage,  
your eyes were softer, your voice pure  
and sonorous, you shone like a sky lit by  
the dawn.

You called me, and I left the earth to run  
away with you toward the light; the  
heavens opened their clouds for us  
unknown splendors, divine light  
glimpsed!

Alas, alas! Sad awakening from dreams I  
call you, O night, give me back your lies,  
return, return brighter. Return, O  
mysterious night.

*Les roses d'Ispahan*

The roses of Ispahan in their sheath of  
moss the jasmine of Mosul, the orange  
blossoms, have a scent less fresh, an  
aroma less sweet, O fair Leilah,! than  
your gentle breath.

Your lips are coral and your laughter light  
sound better than rippling water and with  
sweet voice better than the joyful wind  
which rocks the orange tree better than  
the bird that sings beside a nest of moss.

O Leilah! Ever since in their airy flight  
all the kisses fled your lips so sweet,  
there is no more fragrance in the pale  
orange tree nor heavenly aroma of roses  
in the moss.

Oh! May your young love, that light  
butterfly, come back to my heart on a  
swift and gentle wing and again scent the  
flowers of the orange tree the roses of  
Ispahan in their sheath of moss.

*La maja dolorosa, número 2*

Oh, love of my life, no, no you have not  
died! How could I exist if that were true?

I want crazily to kiss your mouth! I want  
to safely enjoy more of your happiness.

But alas, I am delirious, dreaming my  
love no longer exists. Around me the  
world is crying and sad in my grief I find  
no comfort! But dead and cold the lover  
will always be mine.

*El majo tímido*

He arrives at my window and looks at me  
through the night. When he sees me and  
sighs, he goes down the street. Oh! What  
a shy boy. If this is how life passes, I will  
be amused!

*El tra la la y el punteado*

It is in vain, my love, that you keep  
talking because there are things that in  
answer I am always singing Tra la la...  
The more you ask Tra la la...In me you  
cause no griefs nor shall I leave my song  
Tra la la...



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